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SPOTTY

EPITAPHS OF SOME DEAR DUMB BEASTS

BY
Their Mistress
ISABEL VALLÉ



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Sweet it is remembering
Love that was without a sting.

.

If a smile show through my tears—
Little sisters, little brothers,
You will understand, you dears—
This excuse is meant for others!

PREFACE

Geneseo, September 5th, 1915.

A friend once said to me that it was no compliment to a dog for me to like him because I liked all dogs. I *love* all dogs and other animals and can truthfully say that the only pain my pets ever caused me was when they died. This little collection is then simply a reminiscent *cri du coeur*, and as such may find an echo in the hearts of those to whom "the dear, dumb beasts" are real people.

ISABEL VALLÉ.

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EPITAPHS OF SOME DEAR
DUMB BEASTS

MICKIE ONE AND MICKIE TWO

Bullterriers

Both Mickie One and Mickie Two
Staunch Yale dogs were, and perfect gentlemen—
(Ça va sans dire!)
For them the Cloister open flew,
A welcome everywhere they knew,
And when their wagging tails Death stilled
With grief all Freshman Row was filled . . .
For us what cheer,
Oh God of dogs, if such wake not again,
Big-hearted, brave, good fellows, gentlemen—
If *these* sleep on, shall *we* not too?
Ça va sans dire!

SKATES

A Mongrel

What *kind* of dog was *this*? As if *looks* mattered!

He was a blend bizarre, composite, tattered;
He was a friend, a pal, an honest fellow
So white he made most other folks seem yellow!

LITTLE BROTHER

A China Dog

Upon the mantel where he stood
"Imperishable Youth" was his,
And all the charm of puppyhood
Shone from his polished, pensive phiz.

A brother to the dogs who came
And dreamed, or woke beside the blaze;
Then one by one, some old and lame,
Passed from the room beyond his gaze.

A long, long day was this dear pup's—
But Fate will have it all must break—
Hearts, spectacles and Sèvres cups
And dogs of Copenhagen make!



SKATES AND A LITTLE VISITOR



PETE

PETE

A Bulldog

Had this dog been a general
His great broad chest had not held all
Its decorations nobly won
In combat or for brave deeds done.
Yet he loved peace and only fought
As soldiers do—because he ought.
It meant disgrace to let a rival go . . .
Alive . . . *none ever did* . . . ah no!
Death was the Champion worsted Pete
And dying does not mean defeat!

JOE

A Gordon Setter

A childhood's friend was good old Joe—
He "passed on" many years ago;
But in the Dark where he has gone
He'll wait for me till I "pass on!"

JOLI COEUR

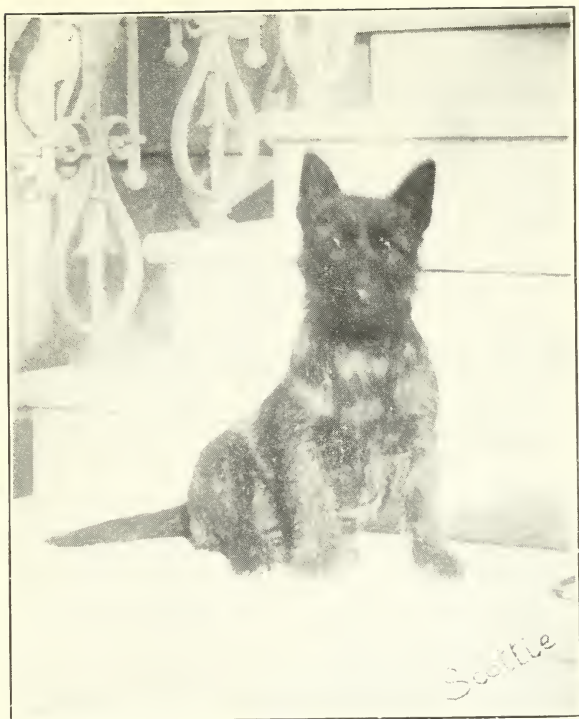
Just a Little Dog

To think there'll be
To morrow and to morrow and to morrow
And no more Joli Coeur!
Eternity —
Without this sharer of my joy and sorrow—
My little comforter!

SCOTTIE

A Scottish Terrier

Receptive, responsive, unswervingly true
And loving was Scottie, and so clever too!
In comrade, or brother, or lover, or son,
These traits have you found them combined ALL IN
ONE?



SCOTTIE



TATA AND TONY

TATA

A Bullterrier

A traitor's hand laid Tata low,—
She kissed it as it dealt the blow!

MARY

A Lamb

Mary was a lovely lamb
Until she grew big horns
And turned into a rowdy ram,—
Her mistress for her mourns!

JACQUELINE

A Pig

If only sweet pig babies
Need not grow up at all!
Oh, butcher mills grind swiftly
And they grind exceeding small!

GOBEMOUCHES

A Garden Toad

Oh, kind Gobemouches
Why did you die?
We miss you so,
The flowers and I!

BUNNY

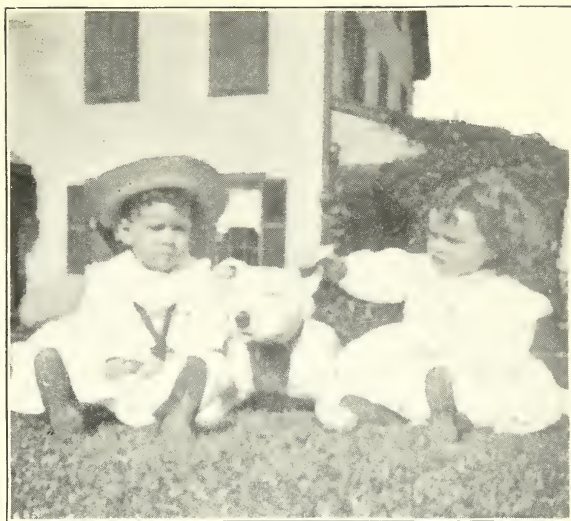
A Cottontail

What though he nibbled "greens" and pinks,—
Such crimes deserve not death but pardon!
To Hades, she who mourns him thinks
With flower and vegetable garden!

DUGO

A Bullterrier

I have given my heart to this dog to tear
And he will not let it go!
He has taken it off to the Land of Where
Past the Desert Whither Ho!



DUGO



TONY AND MISSY

TONY

A Bullterrier

Thou had'st no other joy in life
Save at my side to be;
Now in thy grave, alone Death's knife
Shall cut my heart from thee.

GULLY

A Bullterrier

Hot on the scent, with wild enthusiasm,
He chased his foe, a chipmonk sly, around
A ledge and down the Highbanks' yawning chasm
Reached with one bound, the Happy Hunting
Ground!

MISSY

A Bullterrier

Who gave my doggie a bad name,
And shot her,—not the pure, white dead
But *he* should lie here in his shame,
She gamboling above his head!

SPOTTY

Missy's Child

What matters a bar sinister
When heart and soul are clean and white
As those of my dear Spotty were?
Such need not fear the grave's long night.

BILLIE

A Canary

Cruel was the judge who said:
"By the neck till thou art dead,
Yellow bird hang on this thread!"
Who within thy golden throat,
Broke the lyre, and stilled the note.

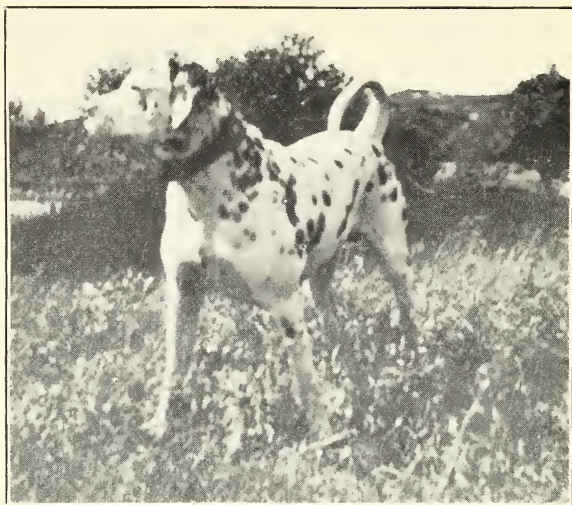
BROWNDOG

An Irish Terrier

If love lives, then Browndog must,—
Though his eyes be filled with dust,
Recognize within my heart
His dear self, of it a part!



BROWND OG



SACO

SACO

A Coach Dog

How many leagues did Saco run
'Neath sodden skies and blazing sun
Beside the old red "breaking" cart!
But when a touring car we bought
He pined away, as if he thought
His day was done—it broke his heart!

FOLLY

A Manchester Terrier

Dear little Folly, Folly of my youth,
Long, long ago Death took thee without ruth!
But crueller and sharper is Time's tooth
That spared *thee* little Folly of my youth!

MAXIE

Folly's Child

How could a baby all untaught
Escape a wheeled Juggernaut
That ran him down? 'Twas thus the Erie
Afternoon train killed our dearie!

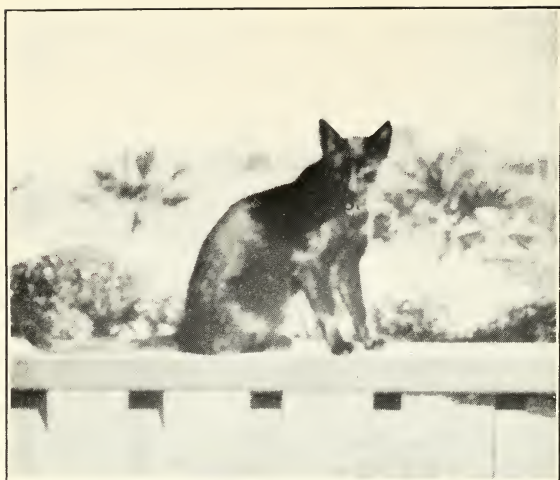
PASHT

A Cat

Feathered folk, give thanks! Rejoice!
To your throats let songs upgush!
Stilled is now her hated voice,
Rots our foe beneath this bush!



PASHT



KITTYBUD

KITTYBUD

A Cat

Must my Kitty's gold and gray
Change and grow like shale and clay?
Is that proud one now a clod
Underneath a quilt of sod,
She who like a queen has lain
On a silken counterpane!

TOMMY

A Stray Cat

Nevermore need Tommy roam
Looking, longing for a home;
What he wanted he has found
In the doorless underground!

POOR ITTY BITTY

A Stray Pussy

She died of cold and hunger in the snow
Where these forget-me-nots and bluebells grow;
I never pass them now but I see her
For whom was life all “miaou” without a purr.—
The summer day becomes a winter night,
The lawn’s green velvet changes and grows white
And black upon it, like a blot, there lies
A tiny sodden heap with open eyes.

JIMMIE BEAR

A Cocker Spaniel

Precious puppy, dearest pet—
Silken-coated, black as jet,
Topaz eyes affection-lit—
Jewel lost in Death's deep pit!

GOLDIE

A Goldfish

Just a little flame was he
In a crystal-bounded sea
Flashing, flying all about—
Suddenly, the flame went out!

A CRICKET

Thou quaint musician,
At the roots of things,
Ended thy mission,
Broken thy strings.

FLEETWING

A Carrier Pigeon

Thou little feathered postman
Who fear'dst no earthly gale,
Down in the Land of Shadows
Dost thou still carry mail?
If our dear mother Proserpine
Would send thee back with "just a line!"

SCHNAPSEL

A Dachshund

Him hath his mistress snatched
Oft from the jaws of Death,—
Now is she overmatched,
Now hopeless, sorroweth!



SCHNAPSEL



SADI CARNOT

SADI CARNOT

A Schipperke

With happy bark and joyous yap
Each hour was romp and play
Till he grew tired and took a nap,—
He will not wake to day!

AMI

A Dachshund

On the radiant Riviera
Sleeps forever little Ami;
While he lived the world a fairer
And a cosier place seemed—damme!

PRETZEL

A Dachshund

Pretzelchen they said was mad,—
But a pellet from the vet
Made our well-beloved pet,
Glad, forever ever glad!

DAINTY

A Skye

My darling Dainty lies beneath
This stone, rough clods among;
For others kept she her sharp teeth,
For me a roseleaf tongue!

FRECKLES

A Mongrel

No thoroughbred our Freckles was—
“Unspotted” though *inside*,
And “handsome is as handsome does”
All those who knew him cried!

QUERIDA

A Chihuahua

I weep that naught could save
Querida from the clay-cold grave;
For whom in life, a muff
Was too large and not warm enough!



QUERIDA



SCHNAPSEL AND HIS FRIENDS FOXIE AND GUY

FOXIE

A Foxterrier

Where Guy and Foxie used to play
A doggie's headstone stands to-day.
Guy, with the saddest of wee faces,
A daisy wreath upon it places
And with a rosy finger traces,
"To Foxie, a beloved pet
I never, never can forget!"—
Then, gaily singing, skips alone
Around the little new-laid stone.

PEANUTS

A Mongrel

Peanuts was just a spotted cur
Whose personality was such
Of friends he always had a host;
But Death has put him out of touch
With all of them, save only her
Who "really, truly" loved him most!

CATO

A Mongrel

Than this poor yellow dog, could king do more?
He honored the illustrious name he bore!

CARO

A Florentine Lupetto

A little lonely soul thou wast,
A little lion-heart;
To me thou'rt not a pinch of dust,
Thou livest still, thou art!

CURLY

An Irish Terrier

Curly was a jolly Irish terrier
Who one day killed a little lapdog brother;
He seemed to think: "The less of these the
merrier!"
The poor dear "dreams true" now Some Where or
Other!

LUPETTA

A Little Florentine Dog

Within my heart I kept her locked
A treasure none might see;
But grinning Death stood by and mocked,—
He held a master key!

Soon open wide he flung the door
And took my golden one
And stole the color from the shore
And sea, and sky, and sun!



LUPETTA



TOTO WHO KILLED THE LAMB

TOTO

A Bullterrier

Together here a lamb and lion lie,
The past forgot—a blank the Bye and Bye.

WHISKERS

A Gray Squirrel

A brigand was this Whiskers—an "Apache"—
Alike of man and squirrel unafraid.
The nuts that filled his ever-bursting cache
Were mostly filched from neighbors he waylaid
And robbed of breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner!
He'd rather fight and steal than eat . . . alas
It is *to sin for sin's sake makes the sinner*;
He was the *real thing*! But let it pass . . .
The title "hero" cannot be denied
To one who in each scrimmage comes out winner,
Of whom descendants feel with truth and pride:
"He 'dangerously lived' and bravely died!"

SMART ALEC

A Bantam Cock

I pray, my Pretty, where thou'st gone
'Tis always rosy-radiant dawn,
That thou mayst cock-a-doodle-do
The whole day long and all night too!

LEDA

A Pet Swan

How crystal-clear the bosom of the lake!
Too clear—for see—no heart beneath it lies!
Else would at least its sighs a ripple make
Upon a surface that so often glassed
A gentle, sheeny-silver breast now passed
Beyond the echoes of our last good byes.
Or is this mirrored nothingness I see
But a great void within the heart o' me!

ENVOI

When I am lying dead
Perhaps some tears may fall,—
But those my dear pets *can* not shed
Will hurt far more than all!

W 18











Nov-Dec 1988

We're Quality Bound

